

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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LETTER II.

LIVERPOOL.

DEAR FRIENDS,

My last was from Ambleside, in Westmoreland, England. If you look on the map, you will see that this is in what is called, in England, the Lake Country. Ambleside is a beautiful little village, with a very pretty stream, called the Rotha, running through it. It is surrounded by high hills; these hills have few or no trees upon them, but the mixture of grey rock and green grass which cover their surface forms such a beautiful coloring over their graceful and sometimes grotesque outline, that you would not have them other than they are. All the houses are of dark grey stone, and almost all of them have ivy and flowers round them. One small unique house was several hundred years old, and out of all the crevices between the

stones hung harebells and other wild flowers; one side of it and much of the roof were covered with ivy, and it looked to me like a great rustic flower-pot; it was only about ten feet square. This was the oldest house in the village. A large, well-looking inn had the words "Salutation Hotel" upon it. I supposed this had reference to its duties of hospitality; but I learned from Miss Martineau, afterwards, that it was most probably a name given to the inn in Ambleside in old Catholic days, and was an allusion to the visit of the angel to Mary the mother of Jesus.

Miss Martineau's house is in the village, although you see nothing of the village when you are in it. You drive up to the house through a shrubbery of laurels and roses and fuchsias, and other plants, and young trees and flowers, to the beautiful little porch, covered with honeysuckles and creeping plants. The back of the house is turned to the street, and the front looks out, over the loveliest green meadows, to the grand, quiet hills, sometimes clear and sharp in their outline against the blue sky, and at others wreathed with mist; and one might sit for hours at the large bay window in Miss M.'s beautiful parlor, watching these changes, and asking no other enjoyment.

But I will not tire you with descriptions of scenery; they are, I know, often unsatisfactory and tiresome. We witnessed, at our friend's house, the beau ideal of a true and happy life, and that the ideas of duty and usefulness and happiness, which the faithless call visionary, may be made real, and are eminently practical.

Miss Martineau took us one morning to Rydal Mount, and introduced us to the poet Wordsworth. He lives

in a low, old-fashioned stone house, surrounded by laurels, and roses, and fuchsias, and other flowers and flowering shrubs. The porch is low, and all covered with ivy and other green vines. We found the venerable man in his low, dark parlor, there engaged in conversation with the Bishop of London. After a few moments he and his lady took leave; and it was not till afterwards that we learned that we had been in the presence of such an important dignitary; if we had been aware of the fact at the time, however, we most likely should have experienced the emotion of awe more deeply at the thought that we were in the presence of the author of "The Excursion;" and, very like, the Right Reverend Bishop might have acquiesced in being at least second in such a presence.

Mr. Wordsworth then very kindly took the trouble to carry us into his study, or library, and there he showed us an old piece of furniture, looking somewhat like a very large bureau; it was made of English oak, very dark and highly polished. It had the date fifteen hundred *and something* upon it. He told us that it was called an Almery, and was the place where rich families kept stores of all sorts for the poor; and that the one he showed us belonged to one of his ancestors. He then carried us round his grounds. He asked me many questions about the distinguished men of our country who had visited him. He spoke of some of them with an affectionate interest, and with great regret of the death of Dr. Channing. He said he had a real attachment to Mr. Allston, and liked his pictures better than any others, and seemed to think that he would have been more justly appreciated in England, and would have



lived longer there. He evidently thought that the fine arts could not flourish in America. When we took our leave, I asked him to give each of us a leaf from a fine laurel tree near him; this he did very kindly, and smiled as kindly at my effort at a compliment, in saying to him something about one who had received so many laurels having so many to spare to others. We thanked him for his goodness in giving us so much of his time, and bade the venerable man good bye, very much pleased with our visit, and very grateful to the kind friend who had introduced us to him, and insured us a welcome. We shall never forget that day. Nor shall we ever forget any one of the fourteen days we passed with our friend. Ambleside is a very fashionable place for travellers to visit in the summer months, and we saw many distinguished and agreeable people. It appears to me that the English understand the art of conversation better than the Americans. After their late dinner they give themselves up to society, and they seem more entirely free and disengaged than we do. When they do unbend, they are more frank and candid than most Americans are, except with their intimates. They make you at home more easily than, with the best intentions, we do. I do not think they are more sincere in their hospitality, but they understand better how to exercise it.

I had a conversation with an intelligent lad of fourteen years of age, which impressed me very much. He was talking with me about our country, and finding faults with it of various kinds. While I could, I defended it. He thought our revolution was only a rebellion. I told him that all revolutions were only success-



ful rebellions, and that we bore with the tyranny of his country as long as we could. "I don't like the Americans," said he; he blushed as he thought of the discourtesy of saying this to me, and then added, "They are so inconsistent; they call themselves republicans, and then hold slaves, and that is so wicked and absurd." He went on to say all he thought and felt about the wickedness of slavery. I heard him to the end, and then said, "There is nothing you have said upon that subject that I do not agree to entirely. You cannot say too much against slavery; but I call myself an abolitionist, and while I live, I mean to say and do all I can against it. There are many people in America, also, who feel as I do, and we hope to see it abolished."

"That is very unfortunate for my argument," said he, "but you would not dare to say so in South Carolina. I hear that no abolitionist can live there, if he says what he thinks. Is that a free country?" "No," I told him, "I did not think it was, when slavery was in question; but he must remember that many good people were fighting against slavery, and we hoped and believed that it would yet be abolished." But I could not but feel ashamed that one, almost a child, should throw this disgrace of my native land in my face, and I have no word of defence to utter.

While we were in Westmoreland, we made a trip of four days among the beautiful lakes of which, doubtless, you have heard. Miss Martineau was our guide and companion. We could not have had a better. She knows the name of every mountain, every lake, every glen and dale, every stream and tarn, and she con-

ducted us through scenes of grandeur and beauty such as our eyes had never rested upon before.

We took a vehicle which the people called a jaunting car; it is a square carriage with two side seats opposite to each other, a door behind like a cab, with no top, and one horse. Two easy steps, and a door easily opened, let you in and out when you please. It holds four persons. The driver has a seat in front; under it he tied our carpet-bag, which contained our night gear, and never did four souls enjoy themselves more than we on this little excursion. I could not give you an adequate idea of what we saw, or of the pleasure we took. Think of coming down from one of these beautiful hills into Eskdale, Ennesdale, of walking four miles on the banks of Ullswater, of looking with your living eyes on Derwent Water, Grassmere, Windermere, and many other lovely spots that you have seen pictures of and read descriptions of, and of being one in the pleasantest party in the world, as you think, stopping where and when and as long as any one pleases.

It was on this journey that I, for the first time, saw a real ruin. Our friends had not spoiled it by saying too much about it. The ruins of Calder Abbey I had never heard of; but no ruin can ever move me more; for, as I said, it was the first my eyes ever dwelt upon. One row of the pillars of the great aisle remains standing. The answering row is gone. Two tall arches of the body of the main building remain also, and different pieces of the walls. It is of sandstone; the clusters of columns in the aisle look as if they were almost held together by the ivy and honeysuckles that wave round their mouldering capitals with every motion of the wind.

In every crevice, the harebell, the foxglove, and innumerable other flowers peep forth, and swing in the wind. On the tops of the arches and walls quite large flowering shrubs are growing; on the highest is a small tree, and within the walls are oak trees more than a century old. The Abbey was built seven hundred years ago; and the ruins that are now standing look as if they might stand many centuries longer. The owner of the place has made all smooth and nice around it, so that you may imagine the floor of the church to look like green velvet. All vestiges of the decay of the pillars on the other side of the aisle are removed, and every thing is done to arrest the hand of time; and, as I said before, it seems as if the ivy and the flowers were caressing and supporting its beautiful old age.

As I walked under the arches and upon the soft green turf, that was so many years ago a cold rough stone pavement, and was trodden by beings just like myself, and felt the flowers and vines hanging from the mouldering capitals touch my face; and saw, in the place where was once a confessional, an oak tree, that had taken centuries to grow, and whose top branches mingled with the smiling crest of flowers that crowned the tops of the highest arches,—the thought of the littleness, and the greatness, of man, and the everlasting beauty of the works of the Creator, almost overwhemed me; and I felt that, after all, I was not in a decaying ruined temple, but in an everlasting church, that would grow green and more beautiful and perfect as time passes on.

There is a fine old park around these lovely ruins; and, not far off, a beautiful stream of water, with a curious bridge over it. The old monks knew how to choose



beautiful places to live in, so that all harmonizes, except, I grieve to tell of it, a shocking modern house, very near, very ugly, and I suppose, ridiculously elegant and comfortable inside. From this *hideosity* you must resolutely turn away your eyes; and then you may say, as I did, that your mortal eyes have never rested upon any thing so lovely as the ruins of Calder Abbey.

Sometimes Miss Martineau would tell us some pretty legend, or some good story. The following legend I give as it was recollected by one of our party.—

Near the borders of the Ullswater is the beautiful Ava Force, one of the most lovely falls I have seen in England. One may stand below, and look up at the rushing stream, or above, on the top of the fall. Here, long ago, in the time of the crusades, stood a pair of lovers; and here grows an old oak which was their trysting-tree. The lady was of noble birth, and lived in a castle near by; and her true knight used to come at the still hour of evening to meet her at the Ava Force.

At length the lover was called away to the Holy Land. As he left his lady, he vowed to be her true knight, and to return and wed her.

Many long days passed away, and the lady waited in vain for her true knight. Though she heard often from others of his chivalrous deeds in the East, yet no word came from him to tell her he was faithful; and she began to fear that he was no longer true to her, but was serving some other lady. Despair at last came upon her; and she grew wan and pale, and slept no longer soundly: but when the world was at rest, she would rise in her sleep and wander to the trysting-tree, and

pluck off the green oak leaves, and throw them into the foaming water.

The knight was all this time faithful ; but was not able to send word to his lady. At last, he returned to England, and hastened towards the castle where she lived.

It was late at night when he came to the Aya Force ; and he sat him down under the trysting-tree to wait for the morning. When he had been there a long time, he saw a figure approach, all in white, and pluck off the oak leaves, and fling them into the stream. Angry to see the sacred tree thus injured, he rose to prevent it. The figure started and awoke. In a moment he knew his beloved lady. She was now on the frail bridge. The sudden shock, and the roar of the Force below, had made her giddy. He leapt forward to embrace and save her. Alas ! too late. Her foot slipped, and she fell. It was all over. The water tumbling far down into the rocky chasm beneath told the story of death.

The knight was inconsolable. He retired from the world forever, and built a monastery near by, on the borders of the lake, where he died.

The frail bridge is now gone, and a strong plank, with a railing, supplies its place. But the water still roars down the rock as on the fatal night ; and the foam and spray look as if the white garments of the fair lady were still fluttering over the deep below.

I must hasten away from Ambleside, which I can assure you is no easy thing. Only one thing more I will mention ; and that is our visit to the valley of Wordsworth's Solitary, described in the "Excursion." After a scramble over a rugged mountain road, we descended

into a small narrow valley or dale, where was the most lonely habitation. "This," said our friend, "is the scene of Wordsworth's Solitary." It will be best described by a quotation from the "Excursion"—

"We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,  
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,  
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops  
Before us; savage region! which I paced  
Dispirited; when, all at once, behold!  
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,  
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains; even as if the spot  
Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs  
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!  
Urn-like it was in shape; deep as an urn;  
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south  
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge  
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;  
A quiet, treeless nook, with two green fields,  
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,  
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!  
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,  
Though not of want; the little fields, made green  
By husbandry of many thrifty years,  
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.  
There crows the cock single in his domain:  
The small birds find in spring no thicket there  
To shroud them; only from the neighboring vales  
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill-tops,  
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place."

But I must not linger any longer in Ambleside, that paradise of a place, which we can never forget. From thence we took, first a coach, and then the rail-road to Glasgow, where we were to visit our friend, Dr. J. P. Nichol, at the Observatory. We resolved to go in a second-class carriage, as those of the first-class are very expensive. The company you meet in these carriages is perfectly respectable; and there is no objection to travelling in this



way, except the discomfort of the vehicles themselves. The English have not the uncleanly and vulgar habits of some, I grieve to say, most, of the Americans, which I need not, would not name ; and which makes the floor of a public vehicle always a place which no lady can endure to have her dress touch, let alone the offence to her eyes and ears from what passes before them ; but the floors of these cars have nothing at all on them but the dirt which muddy shoes must necessarily bring. Good honest hard boards on the floor, on the sides, tops and seats ; in short, all around you. The second-class carriages are in fact boxes, with small holes called windows in them, from which you may, if you are not too short, see something of the world you are flying through, but not much. The backs are not slanted at all ; you must sit bolt upright, or not sit at all. Now and then, these vehicles have a thin leather cushion, — not often. How often did we wish for a good comfortable American car. Once we took for one stage a first-class carriage. Nothing can be more luxurious than these are. The floors are nicely carpeted, the seats and backs are all stuffed ; each seat is a very nice easy chair. You can sleep in them almost as well as in a bed ; but these carriages are very expensive ; and many of the gentry take those of the second-class, hard as they are, on that account.

One thing has impressed me much since I have been in England. From the time I left America, on board the steamer, in the stages, in the streets, at the rail-way stations, nowhere have I heard an oath, or any kind of swearing, from men or boys, or any bad language. The good manners of the common people impress me much. I have not yet witnessed the obsequiousness of which I

had heard so much, and which I expected to be so displeased with. I, of course, have seen too little to be much of a judge.

The rail-road to Glasgow crosses the Clyde repeatedly where it is only a very small stream, and passes within a short distance of its celebrated Falls, but we could not stop to see them. We arrived at Glasgow at eight o'clock in the evening, and were unfortunate enough to have a driver to the vehicle we took, who did not know where the Observatory was. We knew that it was three miles from the city, and not much more. We were advised by a gentleman who was in the same rail-road box with us, to take a noddie, or a minibus to the Observatory. What these things were, of course we could only guess, and we did not care much, so we could only get out of our wooden box. We came to the conclusion that we could sympathize tolerably well with poor Box Brown.

We, as we had been advised, took a noddie. A minibus is only an omnibus. A noddie is a contrivance that holds four, and has a door at the end, and only one horse, — very like a cab. Glasgow, as every one knows, is one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world. Before we arrived, we were astonished at the great fires from the iron works in the environs; and, as the streets were well lighted, our eyes were dazzled and delighted with the whole scene, and we were so pleased with the comfort of our noddie, that we did not at first feel troubled at the fact that neither our driver, nor we, knew where Dr. Nichol's house was. Presently we found ourselves left in the middle of the street, and saw our noddie man in a shop as bright as day, poring over a

directory. All he could learn was what we had already told him, and so, on he went, not knowing whether right or wrong, giving us a fine opportunity of seeing the city in the evening. At last, he came to the bridge over the Clyde, and there the toll-man directed us to the Observatory. After a long drive, evidently, at last, over not a very good road, the driver stopped, and told us that here was Dr. Nichol's house. He began to take off our luggage. We insisted upon his inquiring, first, if that was Dr. Nichol's. He took off our trunk, and would have us go in; we resisted; and after awhile he rang the bell, and the answer was, "Dr. Nichol lives in the next house." Still higher we had to climb, and at last stopped at the veritable Observatory, where our friend, who was expecting us, lived.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality with which we were received. My heart always warmed to the Scotch, from the first time I ever read Robert Burns's poetry. Their language furnishes the sweetest words that tongue can utter. And, somehow or other, they can come at your heart quicker than other people. How pleasant the fire was that evening, how sweet and smiling the children looked, how refreshing the tea and beef-steak was; — but more, and far above all, was the kindly pressure of the hand, the heartsome welcome of our friend's dear wife, whom we had never seen, and the loving greeting we met from the Professor himself, whom we had the happiness of knowing in our own country.

We went, while in Glasgow, to the open wide street, that was once the Salt Market, and to the Cathedral, within the walls of which was the church in which



Frank Osbaldistone received the mysterious warning; and, after a most delightful visit to our friend Dr. Nichol, set off for the Highlands; but this, and my other recollections, I must leave for my next letter.

E. L. F.

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### NIAGARA.

INSTEAD of the usual translation of some foreign story, we present our readers, at this time, with extracts from the journal of a visit to Niagara in the summer of 1848, in which, according to a promise made to the young friend for whom it was undertaken, the writer endeavoured to record, day by day, with the utmost fidelity, the impression produced on her mind and senses by the matchless sublimity and beauty of the scenes before her. Should our youthful readers find them less entertaining than the striking incidents of history and tales of fancy to which they are accustomed, they must console themselves with the thought, that they will probably verify by their own inspection and experience, at some future time, what is here imperfectly described.

"June 24, 1848. We left Boston at 7 o'clock, A. M., and dined at the Springfield station. After dinner, the inquisition to which our appetites were subjected amused us.—'Ma'am, did you take a piece of pie?' 'No.' 'But you did, Sir?'—'Yes.'—'And meat, too?'—'Yes.'—'And you?'—'No.'—'Then pay twelve cents more,

twelve cents less, &c., &c.' Arriving at Albany, we revisited with pleasure the shady retirement of Congress Hall.

" June 25. All the route above Albany was new to me. The rich valley of the Mohawk afforded a constant succession of lovely views ; and we were particularly struck with the wildness of the scenery about Little Falls. The short stop for dinner at Utica afforded but a glimpse of the place. In the afternoon we were detained some time at Syracuse, but on leaving the place we passed the immense salt works, which, with the pretty Lake of Oneida, form its leading features, and we entered Auburn before night.

" June 26. We went to the station-house this morning an hour before the arrival of the cars, and surveyed the imposing building opposite, the Penitentiary. I entered its gates, and walked round some of its halls, but visited none of the cells. In passing the long bridge thrown over the Cayuga Lake, the cars halted, and the delicious coolness of the place was most refreshing after the heat and dust of the road. The bridge is a mile and a half in length. We next came to the Seneca Lake and Geneva, and then to Canandaigua, the appearance of which, from the cars, excites the wish to see much more of it. Between all these towns the railroad passes through beautiful woods, and I would advise all travellers, when weary of studying the drowsy faces of their fellow-passengers, to fix their attention on the clouds and foliage. This can be done without that fatigue to the eyes, which attends the effort to discriminate small objects from the swift-moving cars ; and a perpetual entertainment may be derived from looking

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afar into the distance, and watching the ever varying hues of the foliage, now brightly gleaming in the sunlight, and now darkening in the shade, or by tracing, especially on a breezy day, the forms of the flying clouds and marking their progressive changes. It is one of the simple methods, by which the mind can become penetrated with the mysterious infinity of nature. At Rochester we stopped, at noon, for the remainder of the day. After dinner we took a carriage, and went in the first place to visit the falls of the Genessee river; but soon alighting from our vehicle, a short walk through a pasture brought us immediately upon them. The whole river rushes over a broad, steep descent, though the volume of water no where seems to be great. The banks are extremely steep; and, as the river flows through the city, it constitutes its principal feature, and seems the great source of revenue to the inhabitants, being employed by them in every way to which water power can be applied. It was a scene of animation, and seemed to furnish occupation to all the men, women and children of the place. Many bridges are thrown over it, and the side of one of these bridges forms a bazaar, which, all the shops being immediately over the water, resembles the pictures we see of Venice. Returning from the falls, a drive of two miles brought us to the Mount Hope cemetery, a lofty, wooded enclosure, beautifully laid out, and abounding in winding walks and hollow dells, fitly appropriated to the purpose of a last resting place.

“June 27. There are no striking prospects on the rail-road between Rochester and Buffalo. The latter place reminded me a little of Burlington in Vermont,

lying upon Lake Erie, as Burlington lies on Lake Champlain, though destitute of the distant mountain prospects which form the charm of Burlington. The city, like so many other places in this land of promise, is upon a large scale, and seems planned for futurity. On entering the town of Niagara from Buffalo, not a glimpse of the falls or rapids can be obtained. Water is indeed to be seen along most of the road, but in a calm, beautiful sheet, studded with islands. The rail-road terminates nearly opposite the Cataract Hotel, and, on descending from the cars, my first feeling was that of severe disappointment, at finding myself in so common-place a scene, — a great hotel, a dusty street and shops being alone visible. On entering the house, I caught a glimpse of water from one of the windows, but upon inquiring for apartments, we were conducted to rooms looking out upon the wood-yard and kitchen. This was altogether intolerable, and, in reply to our vigorous remonstrances, we were told that by ascending a story and a half higher, we could obtain apartments looking towards the water. We mounted with great complacency, and the black porter smilingly assured us that *now* we had the best rooms in the house. For me it was enough, that from them the rushing waters were heard without cessation, day and night,—sounding, in the stillness of the latter, even louder than the dashing of the waves, when the night is passed in a steamboat;—so loud indeed was the sound, that I was obliged to keep my window open a little every night, in order to prevent the jar produced when it was closed.

“On descending to the drawing room, we found it beneath our apartment, in the rear of the house, with all



the windows opening on the rapids, and affording a good view of the two bridges conducting to Bath and Iris islands. After tea we went out on a distant piazza, which almost hangs over the rapids, and there began our close acquaintance with this ever shifting, exciting spectacle, — so instinct with joyous life, that one can hardly refrain from glad sympathy at the sight of so much animation. We looked and laughed, and could almost have danced, in company with the bounding waters. On this piazza we were joined by a Boston party, who were almost patriarch visitors at Niagara, having remained there, unlike the moving multitude, a whole fortnight, and become familiar with every interesting spot. There we remained, watching a rising thunder-cloud, until the rain drove us back to the drawing room. Although the shower was a violent one, there was no competition between the thunder of the clouds and that of the waters, the former being as awful and audible at Niagara, as elsewhere. When I retired to my room, the noise of the waters was like the sighing and roaring of a winter tempest.

“June 28. Through the morning there were constant showers; but the view of the rapids, foaming, dancing, leaping, and ever hurrying onward to their final plunge, became every instant more attractive. Tracing their course, from the windows, we could see in the distance a dark, even shadow, like a line, upon the water, and just beyond it a thick mist, where we supposed the grand fall to be situated. Before eleven o'clock the rain subsided, and one of the Boston ladies very kindly offered to conduct us to the American Fall, or ‘Hog’s Back,’ so denominated from the form of the declivity. We

went out at the back of the hotel, and descended a little hill, on the side of which stood a grotesque building, surmounted by the image of an Indian in full dress, and styled the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' We soon came to a toll-bridge, where every stranger pays for the first passage twenty-five cents, being free of the place afterwards. This bridge crosses immediately over the rapids to Bath Island, where there are bathing houses and a paper mill. A very short walk then leads to a second bridge, connecting Bath and Iris, or Goat Island. This, too, is thrown across the rapids, and it requires a very steady head to stand for the first time upon either of these bridges and look upwards to the bounding, racing billows, careering in all the ecstasy of motion; or follow them downwards in their descent, until they disappear in the dark shadow and thick mist. But, after a little practice, no portion of this sublime scenery was viewed by me with greater delight.

"A little foot bridge leads from hence to Ship Island, which is a mere clump of trees lying in the midst of the rapids, with just soil enough around their roots to prevent their being washed away. In crossing it a day or two afterward, I found myself very giddy, — it seemed as if the bridge and I, instead of the water, were in motion. Upon reaching Iris, or Goat Island, immediately in front of the bridge, on a little eminence, stands a neat cottage, buried in trees, and surrounded by a pretty flower-garden. This became our favorite resting place in all our visits to the island. 'Indian Emporium' was inscribed over the door, and Mrs. Grant, the saleswoman, a nice Scotch dame, exhibited the choicest collection of Indian manufactures in the place. The

style of work peculiar to the different tribes is soon distinguished by connoisseurs. That of the St. Charles and St. Francis tribes is considered as the choicest, and that of the Chippewas and Tuscaroras as the most inferior; the former embroidering chiefly with moose-hair, which is dyed by them with great taste and skill, and requires infinite patience in the use of it, no one hair being long enough for more than three or four stitches; while the work of the Chippewas and Tuscaroras is performed chiefly with porcupines' quills. The Senecas, on the other hand, particularly excel in embroidering with beads. The birds and flowers embroidered by the Indians are usually, we are told, imitated from nature, and they very seldom copy their own works, or even do two things alike. Ice-creams and strawberries add to the attractions of Mrs. Grant's little cottage. Forming as it were the point of the island, two paths branch from it to the right and left, by either of which the island can be circumambulated and a view obtained of the Falls in all their glory.

"At this first visit, under the guidance of our obliging conductress, we took the right hand path, as she wished us to pay our first homage to the American Fall, and bade us not look behind. A walk of eighty rods brought us to a winding descent and rough steps, guarded by a little railing. Stooping over, we here saw the glorious plunge taken by all the foaming cascades and little rapids, as on they came, leaping and bounding in their wild sport. The several sheets of water appear to the eye in stripes, as if divided into compartments, varying in their aspect according to the thickness of their mass, and the shape of the rocky shelf over which



they are precipitated. Here, you see a fall separated into numerous stripes of all shades, from snowy white to dark grey. In another, where the water rushes in the deepest, broadest volume, without much collision from the precipice, the emerald green which distinguishes the great Horse-shoe Fall, is conspicuous; while a third exhibits a stupendous mass of snowy froth, met and interrupted by a creamy tower of the same foam, rising as it were from beneath, and constantly struggling upwards until it almost reaches the summit of the grand cataract, but at length toppling over, to be renewed again almost instantaneously. This phenomenon is produced, we are told, by a projecting rock, which gives a new direction to the descending flood.

“The deep roar of these rolling waters was in no way startling or terrific. It resembles rather, a solemn beautiful harmony, in the highest degree elevating and composing. Nothing struck us more in all our visits to the island, than the delight with which the little birds hovered around and dipped into the spray of these majestic floods, fearlessly skimming near their surface, undismayed by their tumultuous agitation.

“In taking either the right or left hand path from Mrs. Grant's cottage, we passed through woods of the deepest verdure, forming in themselves, divested of their sublime appendages of foaming flood, rain-bow mist, and solemn rolling harmony, one of the loveliest silvan walks ever framed by nature. Just as we reached the last bridge, on returning, the rain came on anew, and we were confined to the house until after three o'clock, P. M. The weather then clearing up, we visited the Pagoda, taking a different direction from our morning walk,

and proceeding down the river's side, below the Falls. Here, the grand descent being passed, the vast height of the bank shows the depth and elevation of the cataract; and a thrilling awe is produced by the cautions posted at different points of danger, against going too near the bank, or throwing pebbles into the stream. The water below, when you venture to look over, appears perfectly calm after all its late uproar, and ravishes the eye with its verdant hue, bringing to mind the 'Sweet fields of living green,' seen by the sacred poet behind the waters of the last Jordan.

"The Pagoda is an open-work trelliced building in that form, erected within a few years, of many stories height, but mounted by easy stairs, having numerous platforms, where those who ascend may rest and survey the scene below. At the top of it there is a little dark apartment, upon entering which an admirable camera obscura view of the whole adjacent country may be enjoyed. All the British side of the river lies before you, and it is amusing to trace the ferry-boats constantly passing and re-passing. In size, compared with the surrounding objects, they resemble swimming beetles. But this view, though very curious and pleasing, cannot detain one long from the glorious spectacle outside. From this building, the form of the Horse-shoe Fall is seen more distinctly than from any other point on the American side of the river. — First appears the broad sheet of living green, then the rising cloud of foam-mist, which sways from side to side according to the direction of the wind; while on each side of the green sheet, white sparkling tides of molten silver, like an encasing of pearls and diamonds, rush down in stripes, as I noticed before at the American Fall.

"On descending from the Pagoda, we entered the Ferry-house close by, from which there are two ways, placed side by side, for descending to the water-level, — a stair-case of three hundred and sixty steps, and an inclined plane traversed by cars large enough to hold four or five persons. When standing at the top of this steep descent and looking downwards to the end of the stair-case and of the inclined plane, you seem to be gazing through a long tube, and the men and women at the end, who are entering the ferry-boat, look no bigger than puppets. The Pagoda stands in a pretty flower-garden, and a magnificent peacock adds to the other attractions by strutting, and shaking his feathers and spreading his tail, at the orders of the visitors.

"At a short distance from the Pagoda stands the platform, and this of all the rest became my favorite station. It is a small staging directly over the water, capable of holding ten or twelve persons, guarded by a balustrade, and projecting immediately from the precipice which forms the outermost extremity of the American Fall, just at the point where the greatest quantity of water descends in one unbroken sheet.\* Here I could stand and actually dip my hand into the roaring cataract; I could stoop over and measure its height with my eye, while my ear drank in the sound of its wild rolling chorus. Being at only a short distance from the hotel, I delighted to repair hither alone. After spending the day in these exciting walks, we enjoyed a brilliant sunset on the piazza, and an evening of pleasant conversa-

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\* I have learned with much regret from Niagara tourists of the present season, that the ice of last winter carried this platform away.



tion in the drawing room, with the intelligent guests whom we found here.

"June 29. Before breakfast I hastened to the first bridge and then to the platform, where I could not satiate my appetite for the majesty and beauty of the glorious scene. It is the infinite quantity of water at Niagara which constitutes the grand wonder of the place. Nothing leads you previously to anticipate such a prodigious mass, — and then, the motion and joyous animation of every little brook and puddle crossing your path as they do continually. It is water, water all around you. Every separate streamlet too is in such a hurry; running, struggling forward, as it were, to overtake its companions, and be in season to take the grand plunge along with them. When at last you contemplate the Falls themselves, you ask from whence this boundless mass of waters can have come? Because the beautiful tranquil sheet which you have seen as it lies sparkling in the sun above the rapids, or which you admired on your way to Niagara, gave you no idea of so immense an accumulation.

"At ten o'clock, A. M., we entered a horse-car which was to convey us to the moorings of the 'Maid of the Mist,' a little steamboat which boldly beards the cataract in transporting passengers to the Canada bank. Our car soon ran off the track, and a messenger was sent to summon omnibusses from the town to our assistance. A fretful spouse unconsciously amused all her fellow passengers, by choosing to vent upon her much enduring luckless 'John,' (as she respectfully termed her husband,) the discomfort occasioned to her by the accident. While waiting for our vehicle, we saw high

in air, ninety feet above the surface of the river, several persons crossing it in a little car-basket, drawn by pulleys across the iron wires upon which the suspension bridge is to be laid. This bridge will be nearly two miles from the Falls.

“The ‘Maid of the Mist’ richly merits her name. Of the smallest size of steamboats, she seems cousin-german to those little birds which revel in the spray. On she went into the very midst of the foam of the cataract, which came rushing into her windows like a summer shower. Seen from her, the Falls appear in all their awful grandeur; you look up to a vast ocean of froth and foam, rushing down in thousands of brilliant jets. After circling entirely, first the American and then the Horse-shoe Fall, the little boat gracefully sweeps back to her station on the Canadian side of the river. There, the landing place is utterly inconvenient and awkwardly perilous. A steep road leads from it to the Clifton House, celebrated for its commanding site, affording an entire view of the Falls from the piazza. But they are seen from too great a distance to produce the pleasant, exhilarating effect, excited by the nearer and more partial glimpses of them obtained from other points. From hence, a walk of nearly half a mile leads to the far-famed Table rock. On that spot, the word *awful* may be fitly applied to the amazing scene. In approaching it, your attention is arrested by a sort of flag of printed cloth, testifying that just here, a most amiable young lady, aged twenty-four years, belonging to Lancaster, Mass., found a watery grave by going too near the edge of the bank, and closing with some stanzas more lugubrious than poetical, upon the uncertainty of human

life. On reaching the rock itself, a wide fissure meets your eye, and you feel how easily it may crumble away beneath the shaking waters. The ear is filled with the tumultuous roar of the boiling flood, as it loses itself in unfathomable depths, veiled from the eye in thickest clouds of mist; while meeting floods surge upwards from the dark caverns beneath. The sun was obscured while we were there, so that the rain-bow decoration of the scene was wanting. When weary of so much sublimity, a Pavilion stands open for the reception of visitors, containing Indian works, a museum of some merit, and an ordinary camera obscura.

"The Canadian side of the river has none of the beauty of the American bank, though it should never be omitted, as it affords a far more perfect view of the great Fall. Not boasting of much personal courage, I had no inclination to go behind the cataract, but satisfied myself with peering a little into the gloomy path which leads into that cave of winds and waters. We found in one apartment of the Clifton house, a beautiful collection of Indian curiosities exposed for sale. Contrary to her usual custom, the little Maid of the Mist favoured us again in returning, with another dip into the cataract;—close, closer still, one wishes to approach it, the beauty and the glory taking away all sense of fear.

"June 30. Walked again to the Platform, before breakfast. In the grove I saw two young squaws, busily occupied with bead-work—their babes lying near, quietly pinioned to their Indian cradles. They spoke English very imperfectly, but looked tidy and happy. I was struck with the neatness of their work-baskets, containing all the materials and implements of their industry,



every article exactly arranged in its place. After breakfast we explored Mrs. Grant's curiosities and walked all round the island. Some beautiful rain-bows were visible this morning. One of the established guides and loungers about the place provided us with a very large prism, which we looked through, and it gilded the woods and waters with marvellous beauty. We descended to Terrapin, or Prospect Tower, at the water level, below the Biddle stair-case, where Sam Patch's platform was erected. From thence you have a near view of the Horse-shoe Fall, but not essentially differing from those already described. I ought to have mentioned yesterday that when on the Canadian side of the river we omitted visiting the whirlpool and burning spring from want of time. My companions had seen both in a former visit here.

"This evening a pretty little scene occurred in the drawing room; — a little girl of rare beauty and animation, drew on herself the attention of the whole listless company, while seeming intent only on her own amusement. Her dress was rather out of the common way, and she wore a gipsy straw hat on one side of her head, which was exceedingly becoming. After frisking round for some time, she seated herself at the piano, and was joined there by an elder sister, of equal beauty, who prompted her and sang to her playing, with the same unconscious air in regard to the surrounding company. Their mother, a very large woman of coarse appearance, presently joined them, and we ascertained the next day that they were from the West. The exhibition ended with the waltzing of the little one by herself, after she had vainly attempted to induce some

proper misses of her own age to join her ; — such ease and *nonchalance* before strangers, I never witnessed, though there was perfect modesty in the manners both of the little girl and her sister.

“ July 1. The weather was so cold this morning, that I walked only to my favorite platform before breakfast ; but immediately after breakfast we made the round of Iris Island, and seated ourselves under a rude shelter to watch the arrival of the little Maid of the Mist, and see her again dare the mighty water-fall. We then ascended the Pagoda a second time, and allowed ourselves leisure to take in all the beauties of the Camera-Obscura view. — The dancing movement of the waters is beautifully delineated on this bird's eye scale. It is the rainbows only, which have in any way disappointed me here. I had expected, however absurdly, to see them hovering high in glorious arches over the cataract, whereas they are seen instead, at the bottom, painted on the mist as it is unceasingly rising there, and continually changing their position, though rarely forming an entire arc. Still, it is beautiful to catch the prismatic colours as they emerge and vanish amid the thin mist, now planting a foot of the arc upon the water's surface, and now on the distant bank. In the afternoon we again hung over the Platform, and plucked the leaves from the surrounding trees, as keep-sakes, after sprinkling them with the water of the glorious cataract.

“ Sunday, July 2. Before breakfast, I took a solitary walk, previous to the opening of the toll-gate, over the two bridges, and stood long in admiration of the floods, here, as it seemed, with no figure of speech whatever,

'lifting up their voice, and clapping their hands;' while in the distance, beyond their tumultuous anthem, the bright blue sheet of water lay calmly looking up to the sun-beams, and the little islets, covered with trees and verdure, seemed like bowers of bliss amid the flood. Many of them are so near the rapids as to be wholly inaccessible to the foot of man; one of them, approached several years since upon the ice, still exhibits the remains of a tattered flag, erected upon it, as the trophy of the bold adventurer. After passing the second bridge, I turned down the path which conducts to the American Fall. The trees here are of gigantic height, and the whole place being left in its natural state, you might suppose yourself to be in some beautiful forest seclusion, but for the full, heavy roll of the waters, which constantly fills the ear. Half way down the rude steps, which lead to the point from whence the Fall is surveyed in all its majesty, a little path turns to the right, across a narrow foot-bridge, spanning one of the numerous minor cascades which is hastening to the grand leap. I did not go over it; but my companions called it the only actually fearful point, and said that they there felt the earth yielding and trembling beneath their feet.

After breakfast, we took a last look of every favorite prospect. We stamped on our memories the green transparent sheet of the great Horse-shoe Cataract, contracted as it were at the very point of precipitation, and drawn over a circular bow, so as to present a rounded form. This green bow seems planted in a broad, fringing frame-work, consisting of countless pillars of snowy foam, save where they are interrupted by silver stripes,



formed out of those sparkling waters which dash down the declivity, before they have had time to be whipped into a creamy froth. Again we walked through the solemn sylvan avenues, and once more we rejoiced with the exulting cascades. On returning to the house, I prepared for the less impressive worship to be rendered by human tongues: though not on that account to be neglected, since it is all which man can offer; and because nature herself — for aught that we can prove to the contrary — when unfelt by human hearts, sinks into the material elements of which it is composed, Niagara even, with all its matchless majesty and beauty, becoming only a glorious combination of water, light, air, rocks and woods.

“At church, the regular pastor prayed and read the Scriptures; as he had a pleasant voice and most engaging countenance I was sorry not to hear him preach; but the sermon was delivered by a Bible agent, resembling that class of orators in other places.

“At half past two o'clock, P. M., we quitted the beautiful drawing-room of the Cataract house, to enter the smoking train which was to convey us to Lewiston, where we were to embark on board the steam-boat on Lake Ontario. A great part of this rail-road runs along the lofty bank of the river, and the Falls themselves are seen from it, at a distance of several miles. I perceived at once that every one who obtains the first view of them here, must be sorely disappointed; as they scarcely differ in appearance from a large mill-dam, to which gain-sayers have sometimes compared them. All such impressions, however, may be counteracted, by surveying the prodigious height of the bank, and look-

ing down on the broad stream, still retaining the vivid emerald hue which so glorifies the Falls. I inquired in vain at Niagara, for an explanation of this peculiar colour of the water; a scientific gentleman has since informed me, that it is probably owing to the same cause which gives the green tint to the ocean, — the action of air in combination with light, upon water. The river Niagara looks like other water above the Falls, and becomes green, only at and below them; that is, when every particle of its water has been shaken up and combined with air.

"As soon as we entered the boat, a long rain commenced, which continued until the next afternoon."

L. O.

"WHERE IS WILLIE?"

We closed the dim and lifeless eye,  
We smoothed the parted hair,  
And decked the sleeping form with flowers,  
But no bright soul was there.

And then, beneath the autumn sod,  
With many a fervent prayer,  
We laid the long-loved, beauteous clay,  
But Willie was not there.

We listened to the whispering trees,  
Swayed by the fragrant air,  
And seemed almost to hear the voice  
Of his sweet spirit there.

The silent sky bends over us,  
So tranquil, blue and fair,  
And on its pearly clouds it seems  
Our parted one to bear.

We gaze upon the sunset clouds,  
Radiant with glory rare,  
And feel a sudden joy, as if  
Our darling's home were there.

The happy children pass from school;—  
What lightsome hearts they bear!  
While ours grow heavy with the thought  
That Willie is not there.

The little helpful, willing hands,  
That shared our daily care,  
The restless, active, daring feet,—  
We miss them every where.

The joy-inspiring, sunny smile  
The happy darling wore,—  
The music of his merry shout,  
Are with us now no more.

But in the new and tender love  
Our mourning spirits feel,  
A holy faith inspires the trust  
That he is with us still.

In every peaceful, hallowed hour  
Between our souls and heaven,  
In every pure and sacred joy,  
Is Willie's presence given.

F. E. H.



## LETTER FROM A GRANDMOTHER.

MY DEAR GRAND-CHILDREN,

WHEN I was a little girl, somebody gave me a book, called "A Token for Children." It interested me exceedingly. I read it a great many times; and, I believe, it really did me good. It was written by a Methodist, probably; and, I suppose, it contained a good deal which I did not understand; but the object of the book was to relate the lives of several very religious children, who had died when quite young. I presume it would now be considered not a good book for any one,—there was so much in it that would offend the taste and judgment of sensible persons in these days. But it made me feel very anxious about my own soul, very much grieved about my sins, very desirous to please God and Jesus Christ; and it induced me to pray by myself in my own words. Those were sincere prayers, though no doubt the language, and oftentimes the objects, of such petitions, might be childish enough. I dare say I had some strange and false notions about hell-fire; but, after all, a book which really sets a little girl praying to her Father in Heaven, cannot be very pernicious.

We hear a great deal about the differences to be observed in children at a very early age. Some are so bright, some so stupid; some so gentle, some so fiery; some are so yielding, and some so obstinate. As to the causes of these differences, and the way in which they should be studied and treated, my opinions would not

interest such youthful readers as you are. But one difference among children has always interested me much, and I will speak of it. A Sunday School teacher, who has a large class of little ones, will always find it more easy to engage the hearts of some in religion than of others. The causes of this difference are very various; although in many cases we could satisfy ourselves by looking into the soul of the *mother*.

After observing these things many years, I wish to make a single remark, which I know to be true. It is with children as it is with grown-up people: those who are most completely under the influence of religion, are uniformly the happiest. Do not doubt whether gay, thoughtless, creatures like children can be pious. Do not content yourselves with meaning to be religious when you grow up. Your "growing up" may be in another world; but the religious thoughts of a child must be one of the sweetest things which this world can offer to God.

A friend of mine lost a little girl, only nine years of age; and, I suppose, that for several years this little Helen had thought more seriously, and led a more conscientious life than many grown women. She was a bright, healthy, affectionate, and cheerful child;—and I am satisfied that, besides her good health, the principal cause of her cheerfulness was the fact, that she was striving to do right constantly. At the age of five, she sat by her mother, and heard the account of our Saviour's goodness for the first time. She had never been in the habit of listening at church to the preacher; and her mother had purposely avoided reading these things to her till she was old enough to understand and feel them.

And now her mother selected passages here and there from the New Testament, explaining difficult sentences and words, till Helen had a clear idea of the kind of life which Jesus led, and of his beautiful character. It was all fresh and new to the little girl, and she seemed like one enchanted. Her mother did not go through the whole at once, but reserved these readings for Sunday noon; and how glad Helen was when Sunday came! She was naturally self-willed, but the effect was soon obvious. She actually asked herself occasionally whether Jesus Christ would have done what she now wished to do, if he had been in her place; and then governed herself accordingly.

One morning she said, "Mother, last night I could not bear to hear the rain pattering against the blinds, after you had gone down; and although you had forbidden me, I got up to shut the windows; but just as I had put one foot out of my crib, I remembered that Jesus Christ would not do so if he were I, so I crept back as quick as I could, and went to sleep." This was done with all a child's simplicity; but it showed that the example of Christ had found its right place in her little heart.

As they went on with their readings, they came to Christ's prediction that Peter would deny him. "Oh, he will not, will he, mother?" exclaimed Helen, full of anxiety; the mother went on reading, and when she reached the verse in which it is told that "the cock crew, and Jesus turned and looked upon Peter;" — you would have thought the child saw that look; she burst into tears.

With the same feeling of intense and growing interest she listened to the whole wonderful narrative. Perhaps



the mother herself never before felt how truly wonderful and touching is that account ; but it was all fresh to her as she shared each emotion of her one listener. As she approached the terrible end, Helen's face was turned away ; she tried to hide her quivering lips and eyes full of tears ; but it was in vain ; and when she heard the last words of the good Saviour, she buried her face on her mother's bosom, and sobbed like one that could not be comforted.

And how did her mother soothe the little mourner ? By reading to her the wonderful and still more beautiful account of the resurrection. Her eyes brightened, her cheeks grew red, and a smile of delight and tenderness came over her face, when she heard how Mary recognized her Master, as he simply pronounced her name.

All this was before Helen had learned to pore over story-books for her own entertainment. She was backward about reading. And so almost the first impressions she received strongly from any book, came from the New Testament. The very name of "the Bible" was connected in her mind with something solemn, interesting, and delightful. It was the first book which she ever expressed any desire to own ; but her parents did not give her one till she was eight years old, till they felt sure she could set something like a proper value upon it.

There was in Helen, as in all children, enough that needed correction. She was passionate, selfish, or indolent ; she loved dearly to have her own way. But it was pleasant to see her, when her mother talked with her alone and quietly about these sad faults, she was so penitent ; and she proved her penitence by her decided

improvement. After one of these conversations, she was evidently more gentle, and affectionate for some time; and yet no threat of punishment was employed. The desire of doing right, and of winning the love of God, was that which was revived in her bosom, and produced the change. And after entering on her sixth year, she was scarcely once known to do anything wilfully which she knew to be wrong. Her faults were committed under sudden impulse; but she began to show a good deal of strength in resisting temptation. A girl once urged her to eat some fruit, a thing then forbidden her, and from which she constantly abstained. Helen's amazement and indignation were great, because the girl said, "Your mother never will know it." The idea of disobeying her mother, and concealing it, was something new and shocking to her. Yet she had never been told that she must not keep things from her mother. Her own conscience had been so trained by religious feeling that it taught her what was right.

At the age of seven, Helen was sent to school. And now she was of course much separated from her mother, who had been her constant companion. At first she was greatly astonished at finding that the other children would not always play just what she wanted; she had had no playmates till then, and had always found her dolls and kittens quite submissive. The victories which she gained over her own temper and selfishness were worth a great deal to her; for her great anxiety *to be good*, was now more active than ever. As soon as she had learned to read, she manifested a decided preference for poetry, especially if religious; and chose pieces to learn. And, about this time, she one night called her

mother up stairs, to say that she had forgotten to say her prayers the night before, when her throat was very sore ; and to ask whether it would please God if she should make a new prayer.

Thus, in the midst of health and enjoyment, this little girl was growing up truly in the love of God. Religion was to her already a guide and a comfort,—a high pleasure. Hereafter, I may finish this account of the Christian child.

L. J. H.

### A WALK IN THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

COME with me, my friend, if you have the least spark of love for the country, and the quiet haunts of Nature, and I will show you a scene which will please your sense of delight, rejoice your heart, and elevate your soul. Let us enter this wood. Clamber after me, over this stone wall ; — nay — never fear. How delightful it is to jump into this nest of crisp, dry crackling leaves. What a rich noise they make as you crush them beneath your feet. What ! — afraid of snakes ? Oh ! there are no snakes here, that can do any harm ; and if we meet with a little green snake, I shall be very glad of it. Ah ! — there is one, while I am yet speaking. See how gracefully it glides from under the moss-grown root of that decayed tree. Beautiful creature, are you not afraid to venture forth so late in the season ? But he is off, out of sight in an instant. What a pity they are so timid ; they would make such pretty pets.



Let us take this path which leads to a little brook. It will be rather wet, perhaps ; but what of that ? The beautiful Fringed Gentian grows there, in the moist ground ; and what will we not risk to get that ? How beautifully the bright sunlight streams through the brilliant leaves of these maples, making their gay colours tenfold more rich and gay. These painted windows of " God's first temples " are far more beautiful, to my eye, than the richest window of stained glass in the most magnificent cathedral of the Old World. Hark !—does not the breeze which sighs in the distant grove seem to you like the solemn bell, which calls us to worship in this temple ? The sound comes nearer and nearer,—the " rushing of the blast " advances ; and now every tree bows itself, and every little leaf murmurs forth its praises to God. Our hearts rise towards Thee, O Father, in love and gratitude, for these thy wondrous and beautiful works ; and for the soul which Thou hast given us, capable of recognizing thy power and goodness in thy creations.

Behold ! even now, a sermon is preached to us from the Book of Nature. The wind loosens from their slender hold the dry and withered leaves, and they come whirling and fluttering through the air, and at last settle into the little hollows in the ground. Thus is the feeble tie by which our souls are held to this earth, severed ; thus do our bodies return to the dust from which they sprung. But in the axil of each leaf there is a bud, which, when softened by the warm spring sun, and gentle rain, will be unfolded, and will expand into a perfect leaf ; then comes the flower and the fruit. So, though our bodies die and are buried in the ground, yet

the immortal spirit, which is ourself, will enter a perpetual spring. All holy and blessed influences will break upon it, and it will gradually unfold more and more, and never cease to expand. It will *never* die.

Here we pass an old nut-tree ; probably some squirrel's home. How delicious the perfume of the nuts, yet unripe, in their rough green casing. Ah ! there sits the little monarch, upon his throne of a decayed log. Do not disturb him ; let us see what he will do. See, he has a chesnut in his little paw ; — now he pares it with sharp teeth, and throws away the skin ; — and now see how daintily he nibbles it. Can anything be prettier than he, as he sits there, his bushy tail curled over his back, and his quick bright eye glancing all around to see that no danger is near ? There, he has caught sight of us, and away he has darted into that heap of dry leaves, which, being of his own colour, conceal him nicely.

We have reached the brook at last ; and now did you ever see any thing more lovely than this Gentian ? Such a perfect, heavenly blue, and such a delicate fringe. Gather it tenderly ; and then come and get some of these night-shade berries. They grow on this old wall.

But see ! the sun is setting, and what a glorious setting. Look back upon the wood we have just left, and see what a flood of golden light is poured upon the tree-tops. We must go home ; but I hope you have had a pleasant walk.

F. S. A.

## AN ODD STORY OF A CAT.

DEAR CHILDREN,

LAST winter, having told you a number of stories about the domestication of fishes, I promised, at some future time, to tell you something concerning the taming of other animals. I am sure that you will be pleased with the following account of the domestication of three foxes, which came under my own observation.

A young man in one of our New England villages, in rambling over the low, rocky hills which lie behind the town, started an old fox with three young ones, from their hole. The old one escaped, but the cubs were taken, and carried to the young man's house.

Here their beauty ensnared the eyes of an old cat, who had just brought to light a large litter of kittens, and so powerful was the attraction, that, after a few days, she discarded her own offspring and adopted the little foxes in their place.

I say 'little,' but when I saw them, which was only a few days after they were taken, either of them was twice the size of its new parent. Yet she still gave them suck, and continued to fondle and caress them without fear.

The foxes were very tame; they played with my hands, licking them, and rubbing their beautiful heads, backwards and forwards, on them, apparently with great pleasure.

While our backs were turned, one of them pulled the slats of his cage apart, and slipped out for a ramble.



His owner did not seem at all concerned ; but seemed confident that he would return at night-fall.

As we walked homewards, we saw through the twilight, our graceful friend, with his long bushy tail carried erect like a plume, scampering away over the hill, on the way towards his mother and brothers.

We have read of cats nursing rats, and of hens hatching and adopting goslings ; but this was when their kittens had been killed, and the goose's eggs had been substituted in the place of those, laid by the hen. We never before heard of any animal discarding its own young, to adopt and rear the offspring of another.

Yet this story is perfectly true.

c. c. c.

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### THE LITTLE INVALID.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

(Continued from page 33.)

As the travellers went on, the country grew more and more beautiful. The hills were glowing with the bright and varied colours, which, mixed with the vivid greens that remain on the pines and spruces, make our autumn woods more glorious than any poet's description or painter's delineation can represent them.

" The mountains that infold,  
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,  
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,  
That guard the enchanted ground.

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Let in through all the trees  
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;  
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,  
Twinkles, like beams of light."

Ellen had always lived in the country, as she called it; that is, in a village, about four miles from a large city. A little patch of flowers was not an uncommon ornament, even to the lowliest dwellings there; her father had a large garden; the streets were shaded by fine horse-chesnuts, elms, and lindens; and, on its outskirts, this pretty village retained the rural charm of a green lane, with its natural hedge of barberry and sweet-brier; but she had never before been among the hills and woods, and her delight in the inherent beauty of the scene was increased by its novelty and its contrast to the dullness of her long imprisonment in doors.

Her heart, too, as well as her taste, was excited almost to rapture, by the loveliness and grandeur that were spread out before her; and though she could not express her gratitude and love in words, was offering up its silent hymn of praise to God.

As Ellen had never taken a journey before, she was interested or amused by things that would not even have been noticed by an old stager. Stopping to water the horses was quite an event to her; and she was always eager to find out the name of the inn where this important matter might happen to be performed. About noon, on the first day, they passed through a large country town, and the carriage stopped at the door of an old-fashioned, spacious-looking house, sheltered by an elm, that looked as if it might have shed its golden leaves in autumns that belonged to the time of the red-man's supremacy. Here they were to rest for an

hour or two, and take their dinner. It was all a romance to little Ellen, and she expected every thing to go on like a story-book; she was therefore disappointed not to see the landlady.

"Is not the landlady coming?" said she, as they sat down in the neat parlor of the inn; "I should like to see her very much." No landlady appeared, however; and she had to be satisfied with seeing the landlord, a chambermaid, and a waiter; but she would willingly have given half her dinner, hungry as she was, for the appearance of the ideal "Mrs. Bustle" or "Mrs. Newington." As she entered the carriage again, she drew a heavy sigh, and said, "I cannot imagine what could have become of the landlady."

After passing a small, scattered village among the hills, the road lay through some fine old woods; and as they drove slowly along, Ellen saw a boy driving some cows through an opening in the forest. "Oh, mother", said she, "do let us stop here; and will you make a picture of that, for me to carry home to John?" Her mother made a sketch of what her little girl thought so beautiful; and if she could have copied the light that fell, through the orange and scarlet maples, and the deep crimson and purple-brown oaks, upon the boy in his blue home-spun jacket and straw hat, and on the clean, glossy skins of the cows that were passing under them, she would have made a pretty picture indeed. As it was Ellen was satisfied with the sketch, and was sure John would like it. S. S. F.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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## DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS, AND NIGHTS WITHOUT DAYS.

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THERE is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at this season of the year, when the days are longest, than the absence of night. Dr. Baird had no conception of it before his arrival. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends; — had not taken notes of time, and returned about midnight — it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets — it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away or were dead. No signs of life — stores closed. The sun in June at Stockholm goes down a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. B. read a letter in the forest near Stockholm at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go up there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon; you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise. At the North Cape, lat. 72 it does not go down for several weeks. Now (June 23) it would be at midnight, about 25 deg. above the horizon.

The way the people there know it is midnight, they see the sun begin to rise. The changes in those high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time, the sun disappears, and is not seen for six weeks. Then it shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, then descends. And finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens. He had been asked, how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they consider a day? He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at their usual hours. The Dr. did not know how they learnt the time, but they had; and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about 7, P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, — and the people get into the habit of late rising too. The first morning Dr. B. awoke in Stockholm, he was astonished to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it only three o'clock. The next time he awoke, it was five o'clock, but nobody in the streets. The people are not in the habit of rising too soon. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing, probably, to the climate. The sun is up so long, that the atmosphere becomes very hot, though not so hot as our summer weather. The shopkeepers of Stockholm in the middle of the day, used to shut up their shops, and take their siesta: but the government allowed the Jews to come in, and the Swedes were obliged to change: the Jews kept their shops open in the middle of the day, and the Swedes had to follow the example. But they are not very thankful to the Jews for it.

The Diet of Norway does not allow a Jew to step his foot in that country. The law was made in the nineteenth century, and is a disgrace to the age and its protestantism: they exclude both Jews and Jesuits. A few years ago the government advertised for money: a Jew went in a steamboat from Copenhagen to negotiate the loan. He made a bargain, and afterwards wanted to go ashore, but this privilege was refused him. They were glad of his money, but would not allow him to step his foot on the soil.

The country of the Swedes and the Norwegians may be called the New England of Europe. It is a land of rocks and contains innumerable lakes and islands — no part of it is perfectly level, and where the surface is comparatively level, it is undulating. There are many iron mines, and some of gold and silver. The iron mine of Danemora, which is in a plain country, and five hundred feet deep, is particularly celebrated; as also the iron and copper mines of Falmouth. The mining districts are poor and populous, but you find there the best people in Sweden.

*Notes of Dr. Baird's Lectures on Europe.*

## THE SHEEP.

WHEN Jupiter celebrated his marriage feast, and all the animals brought him presents, Juno missed the sheep.

"Where tarries the sheep?" asked the goddess; "why does the innocent lamb neglect to bring us her well-meant offering?"



And the dog answered her, saying, "Be not angry, O Goddess! I have seen the sheep to-day; she was very sorrowful, and wept aloud."

"And why did the sheep weep?" asked the compassionate goddess.

"'I am most miserable!' thus she spoke. 'I have now neither wool nor milk; what shall I give for my present to Jupiter? Shall I alone appear before him without a gift? Rather would I go and pray the shepherd to offer me up to him as an oblation!'"

Meanwhile the prayers of the shepherd, and the smoke of the offered lamb ascended through the clouds, with a sweet savour, to Jupiter. Juno had now wept her first tears, if tears could moisten immortal eyes.

### THE SPINNER'S SONG.

BY MISS MITFORD.

TURN, busy wheel; turn, busy wheel,  
And pile upon the circling reel

A thread as fine and free  
As that the insect artist weaves,  
In autumn mornings, midst the leaves  
Of yon old apple tree,  
The moss grown apple tree,  
The dewy, filmy apple tree.

Turn, busy wheel, turn swiftly round,  
And blend with my wild song thy sound  
Of peaceful industry;  
Such sound as loads the summer breeze,  
When, gathering their sweet store, the bees  
Crowd yon broad linden tree,  
The bright green linden tree,  
The flowery, shadowy linden tree.



